her favorite color was yellow



poetry by edgar holmes

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CHAPTERS

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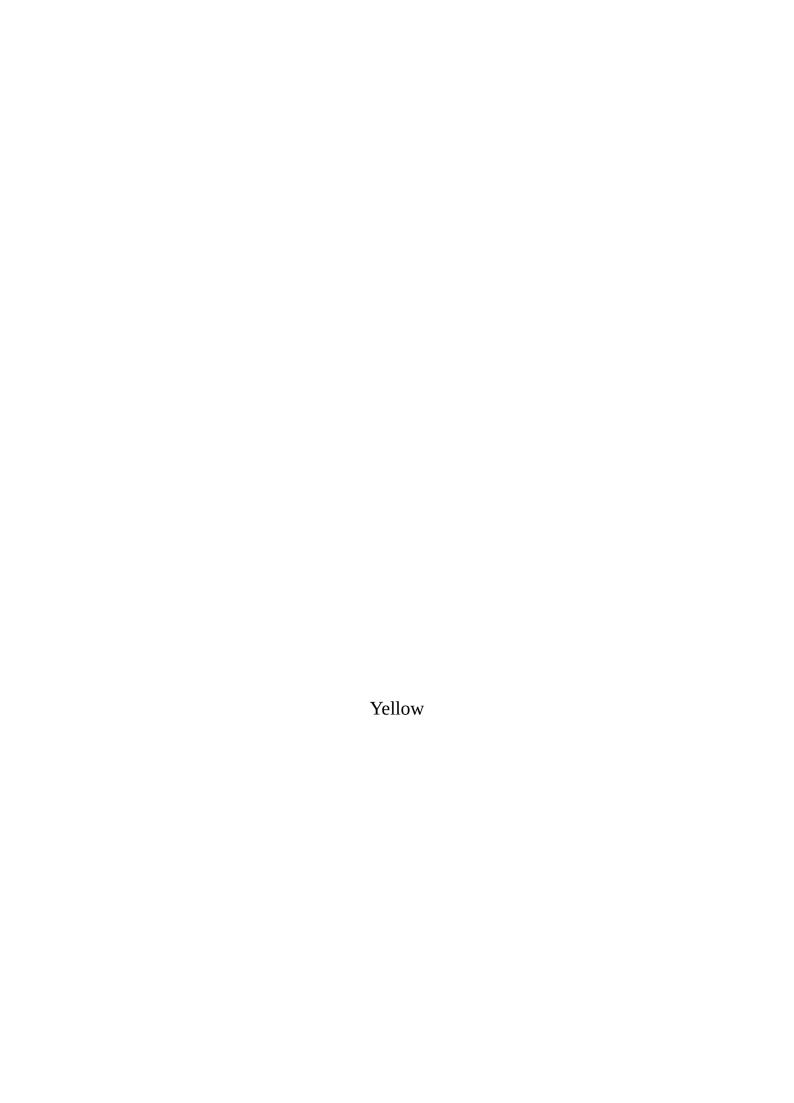
dedicated to my loving wife

without you,
my pen would run dry
and i
would be nothing.

may her love touch you through these pages as it has touched me through my life

-edgar holmes





the moment i met her my soul begged of me to make her mine

it was as if
in the moment
i looked at her
i discovered
my life's purpose

and that is how i fell for her

most of our lives
are spent
convincing our minds
of what the heart
already knows

when i first looked
into her eyes
i felt like i was
looking into the eyes
of someone
i had somehow
just now met
for the first time
and had yet
somehow also known

for my whole my life

freedom.

that's what her spirit seemed to whisper under her mask

freedom.

i can teach you

to be free.

i feel as if
i can tell you things
i would never tell
anyone else

you and i are two souls on the same

frequency

people don't tell you who they are up front

you have to find out
digging deep
before they reveal
their truest nature

this is the process of making true friends or deadly enemies

i decided to write down everything i felt about you

the highs and lows the melodic complexity

of it all

i wrote it all down sealed it into a letter and burned it.

there is a power between the two of us

an electricity
we could power a city with

if only we knew how

there is something between us you and i

some kind of magic

do you feel that?

the cackling energy

in the space between our fingertips

as if the universe is begging for us to touch

looking back on things

i should have

declared my love for you the moment i met you

if only to have a few more weeks together my heart
my life
my soul
my everything

you.

is etched by fire and seared with pain into my heart

i will never let you go oh sweet love of mine

broken dreams broken bottles

falling back in love
with memories of you
broken.

we either enter

or leave this world as such

> this is our lot as human beings destined to live with knowledge of pain.

i believedi could reachfor the stars

now that i'm older
my feet
have remained
planted on this earth

and i, tearfully
holding my head
in my hands
wondering
if things
could've been

different...

i prayed to god; i got on my knees at my bedside and i prayed like never before

"if you just give me her i'll give up everything else;

wealth, fame, popularity

anything.

anything, anything for her."

and i'm so glad that i did.

we are not born to just

eat

work

sleep

fuck

and

die.

tell me your deepest secrets

yes, the ones
you don't even think about
to yourself
in fear that they might
somehow slip out
of your brain

i swear, darling the night we got together the stars rejoiced and angels danced

looking back, it's hard to remember just how badly life sucked before i had her

the loneliness the anxiety the insecurity

how did i live without her?

i saw her dancing with another man and i swear i nearly died inside

i vowed to earn her love and make her mine and dance with her throughout eternity i want to tell you all the small details of my day and listen as you tell me about yours

i want to be intimate with you verbally spiritually physically

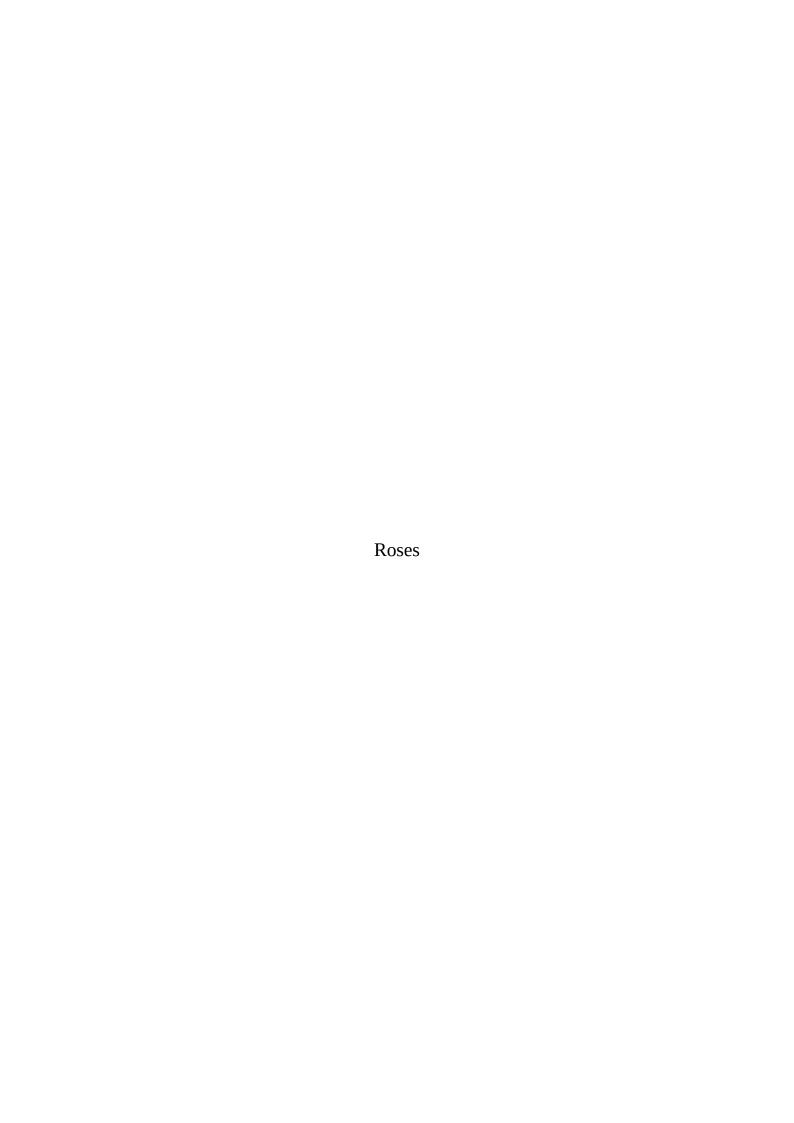
i want to be as much yours as you are mine so help me god. as i walk this street alone in the darkest of nights in the midst of winter watching the flickering of streetlamps

i can't help but wish
you were with me
so i could share
even the dullest of moments
with you

in our darkest hours
brooding upon our fates
we finally understand
what we want
and who we are







nothing makes me feel quite so alive as her. the campfire burned brightly

we looked up at the stars

and i swear
i saw our paths
collide
in the cosmos

emotions fade but feelings don't

and i feel just as in love with you now

as i did the moment i knew i loved you if you loved me forever everything would be okay

you

me

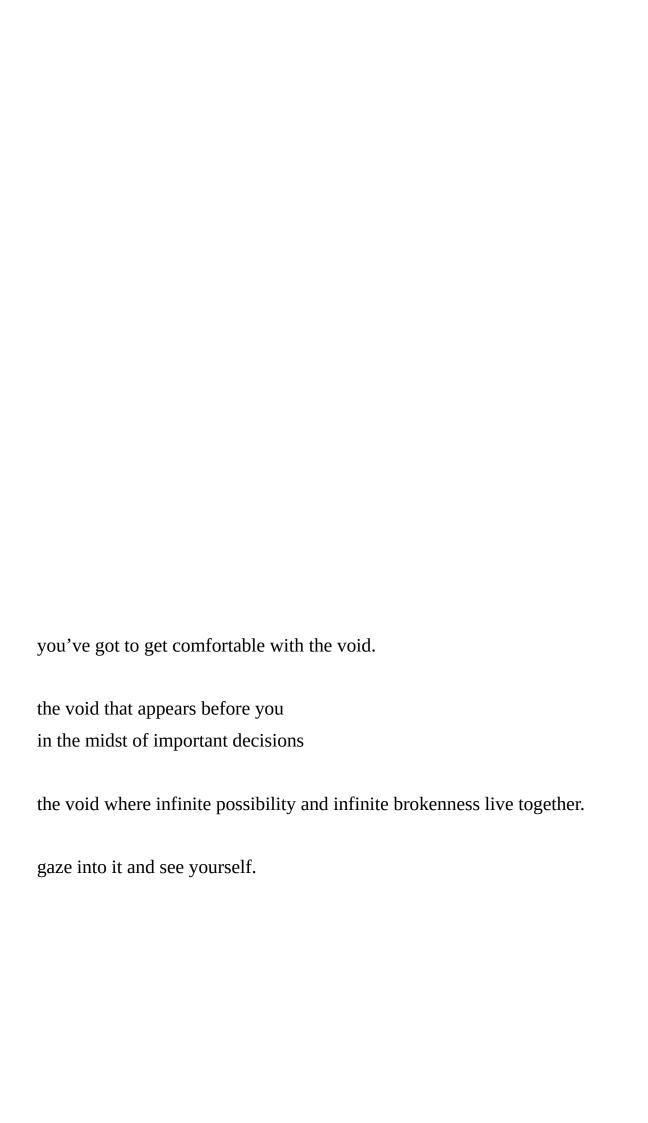
you always did look so good on top

lust isn't love
but lust
is just one
of the many ways
by which i love you

somehow you were always able to kiss anything better

> even a broken heart

i caught feelings for you before i truly knew what those feelings meant



woman, you make me feel so goddamn lucky.

"bury me with roses," she said to me, "bury me with seeds so that even my death may make the world a little more beautiful."

i almost wish
i had a narrator
of my life
who would expose
my inner thoughts
and feelings
and make them known

perhaps then you would known there is not a shred of untruth when i tell you i love you she must have found the fountain of youth and surely she drinks from it every day

if i do nothing else in this life but tell you how beautiful you are

i will consider it worth it.

you are everything good about me

perhaps i care too much and that has caused me a tremendous amount of pain during my life

but in you i found someone who saw how much i cared and appreciated it and even returned it tenfold and so i consider the pain more than worth it.

i promise you
as long as i'm alive
you will have flowers
on your dresser
and shoulder rubs
when you're stressed

as long as i'm alive i promise you

i will love you with everything i am.

it would take me an eternity to tell you all the ways i love you.. but let me try.

there is something so beautiful about the way our hands intertwine.

i will make you happy and die trying

for i will never take you for granted.

i don't careif i get to haveall the thingsi always dreamedof having

all i really care about is having you.

the dance of romance
went on and on
and we danced with other people

i couldn't help

but look at you
and know
that when i got the chance
i would ask you to dance
and i would make you
never want to stop.

i don't want to escape life as long as you're in it why would i waste a second i could've spent with you?

<u>Chapter Three</u>

Meadows

i am endlessly fascinated by the way it felt before you were mine the sheer need i had never felt before

we were smoking in your car

just friends at the time

we were just talking about why it feels so good to kiss another person

-it's such an odd act the pressing together of lips if you think about it-

we were talking about kissing and i couldn't help but lean over and kiss you she was always a better artist than me

she seemed to pull
imaginative ideas
out of nowhere
and draw
from an endless fountain
i could only dream of

and yet she looks lovingly upon what i create giving me encouragement

i long to be broken by you in ways no one else has

i would adore the scars you gave me

knowing it meant
i got to be touched
by you

no matter the distance
life puts between us
i know we will always
find our ways back
to each other.

saying goodbye to you is a happy thing

because i get to say hello all over again tomorrow there is nothing
that can quite describe
the agony
of not being yours

so this is what it feels like

to finally meet someone who exists on the same frequency as you do

there's a harmony to it a blissful feeling that we belong together i want to give you everything

including my last name is it really such a bad thing that two broken people should find each other in the dark of night and make their own light together?



blue. cold. sharp.

the world without you.

in those few days
where we broke up
i realized just how cruel
the world can be
and how cruel you must become
to cope with it

my mind is filled with things i could never express. most of them are about you. perhaps i think about you more than i should. perhaps i am just a sick man, fixated on the idea of a love that can never be. but i will never stop trying.

not until it kills me.



my darling,

i've been looking for you since i drew my first breath

the imprint of your soul
on mine
was something i knew i needed
since the very beginning

before you, life was like holding my breath

and you were the oxygen i needed

i never felt like i was

e n o u g h

for anyone or anything until i met you

she is so much more
passionate
about things
than i could ever be

the way she talks about
her views on life
and existence
make me fall even further
in love
with who she is.

"you talk about me like i'm some kind of goddess. and maybe you see me that way sometimes.

but remember that i am flawed, i'm just a human being, and i don't belong on a pedestal.

let them know about my flaws, let them know the ways i've hurt you, let them know that i was never perfect. because that's what love is. imperfect.

love is two people accepting each others' imperfections and making it work no matter what.

that's the kind of love we have- something real, something true, something human."

you broke every rule for me

when i lose my memory as i get older

i don't think i'll remember the grand romantic gestures

i think i'll remember grocery shopping together watching tv in our pajamas the way you made me feel as if i never had to be alone

when i forget everything else
in life
i will never forget
the way it felt
to be yours.

a string quartet
could not articulate
what i feel

she didn't like being labelled.

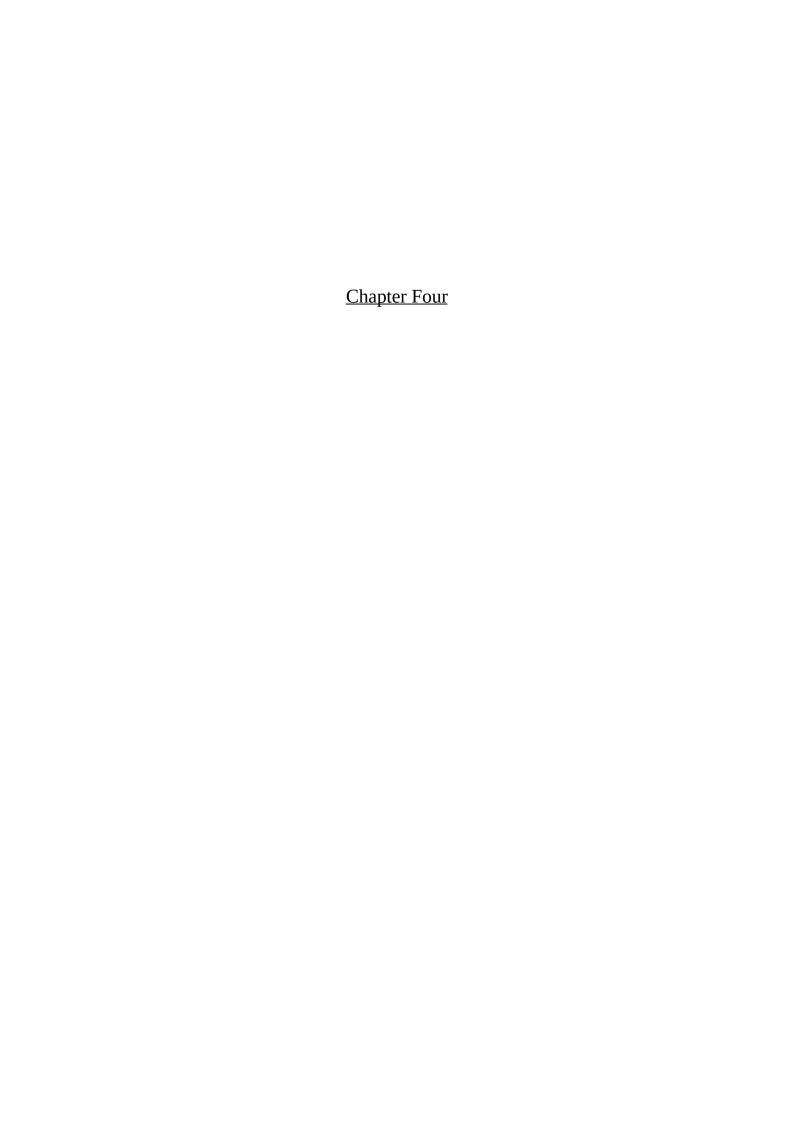
she didn't like being categorized put in boxes

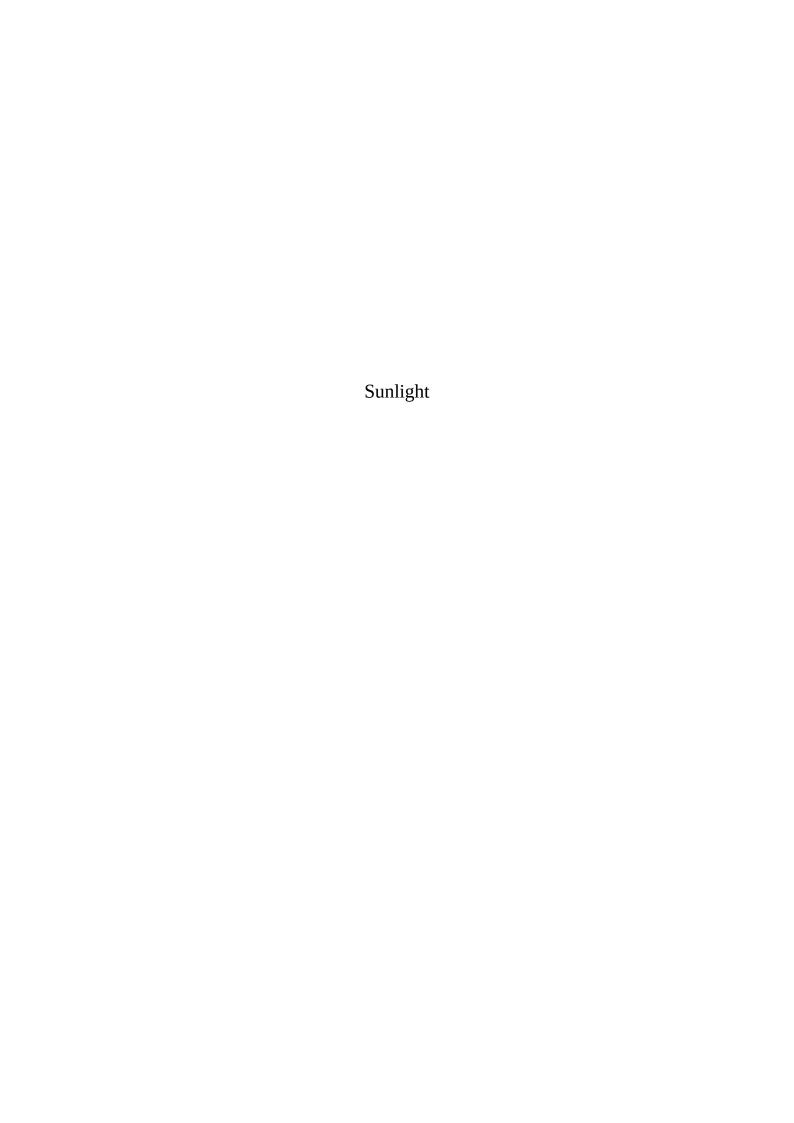
or told who she was

she was her own person
who defied expectations
and was always
one step ahead
of what everyone thought of her

through the darkest night
as long as i have
you by my side
i will always have

enough





fall in love with someone who you want to be more like

she was a mystery

at once unknowable and intimate

there could never be anyone like her.

if you only love her for what she does for you

you don't really love her.

the only way
to cheat death
is to adapt
to life.

love is like karma

you get what you give

if you remember
to be grateful
for the good in your life

no one can truly hurt you.

question everything you're told.

i wish you could see the universes i see behind your eyes

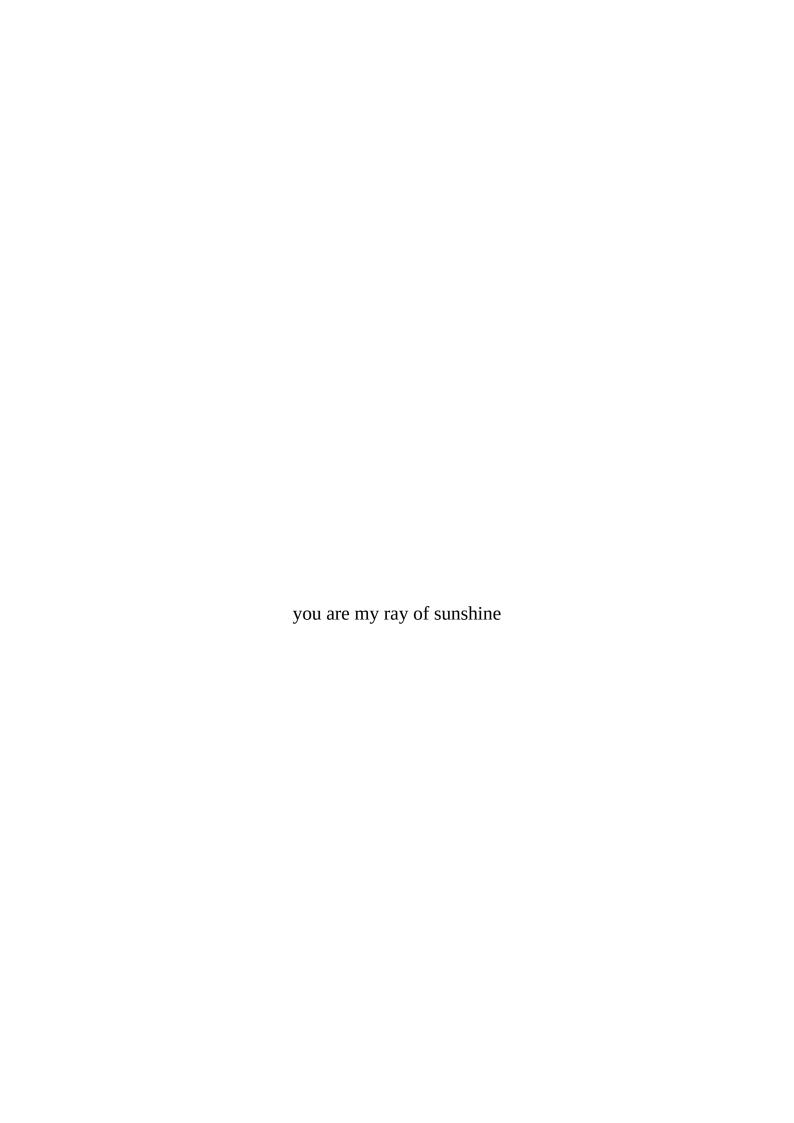
i wish you could see how truly beautiful you are to me if i could stay
in this very moment
with you
forever

i would.

the art of listening is underrated

too often we only think of what we're going to say

and not really what the other person is saying



there is no mountain
we cannot climb
together

there is no river too swift for us to cross

there is nothing
our love
cannot
overcome

most of our lives
are spent
reaching out
into the darkness
searching for
answers
that aren't there.

all i want is you

our love is one forged by fire and molded by experience

together
we are something
beautiful

you and i
were meant
to be
together

my definition of perfection is you

if i ever love
someone else
i know
that it could only be
a cheap charade
an imitation
of what i had
with you

please, god

if nothing else in this life let me love her till the day i die

she's the type of woman who knows 'normal' isn't a compliment

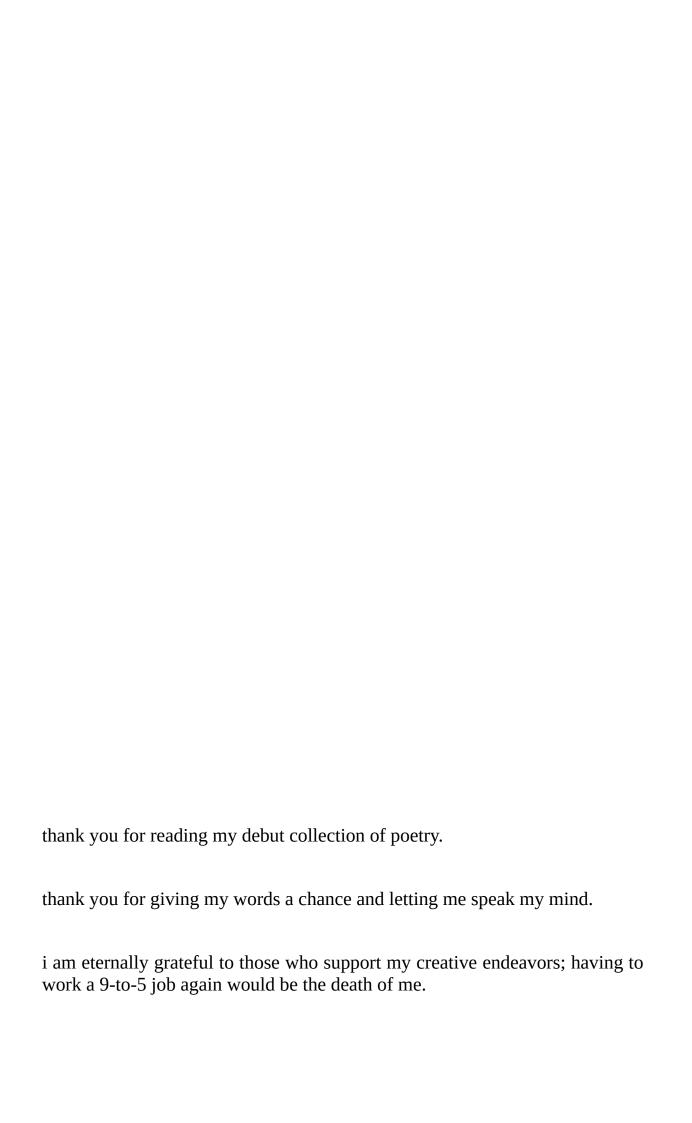
i love you not just to stop the feeling of being alone

but because

i'm only my best self when i'm with you.

every morning as i wake up next to you i thank my lucky stars that i get to live out what i used to imagine as my perfect life

as long as i have you i am complete.



blessings to you and yours, and may you be lucky enough to find a love like i have.

-edgar holmes